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## DISASTROUS WRECK.

The Second Section of the Western Express Runs into the First Section

AT DOG STREET, HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

Two Cars Completely Telescoped.—A Number of Persons Killed and Injured.

By Telegraph from NEW YORK.

## ANOTHER RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Resulting in the Death or Injury of

Passengers.

HARRISBURG, Pa., June 24.—The most disastrous wreck that ever occurred in Harrisburg took place this (Friday) morning at 12:30 o'clock at Dog street. The second section of the Western Express, the first of the day, was completely telescoped two cars. Among the killed were Richard Liles and wife of this city, an unknown man, and a woman. A lady on the train, her infant child, and it has not been found. Five bodies were taken in the wagon to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot.

The speed of the train was high, as forty, but at this rate, 120 m.p.h. It is impossible to understand the report. It is causing great alarm which greatly retards the work of the police.

The first section of the train, was stopped at Dog street for water, and when it was started, instead of the second section, the engine, it was discovered, had run into the second section. The physician and surgeon of the city were aroused and hurried to the hospital where the wounded were taken. The dead were recovered from the wrecks. At least this morning a large gang of men were at work.

The operator, a Swede, is said to have been the cause of the accident, having given Engine No. 1 of Cambria the wrong signal. A sharp curve at Dog street made the steamer more difficult to stop than the second section. The physician and surgeon of the city were aroused and hurried to the hospital where the wounded were taken. The dead were recovered from the wrecks. At least this morning a large gang of men were at work.

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The following is a partial list of the dead and injured:

William White, broken ankle; his daughter, clotted brain; Charles C. Lee, Alleghany, brain, six; A. Foster and son, Morrisville, both killed; Uriah Hunt, Morrisville, brain, six; F. G. Gandy, Ruthland, S. J. Camp, Jersey City, W. H. Field, Philadelphia, all slightly injured; John C. Moore, Philadelphia, mortally hurt, Conductor of train, mortally hurt, likely to die; Dan Jason, Clear Spring, Mo., with his son, M. W. Whittlesey, 133 Argyle street, Chester, Pa., mortally hurt; John B. Bemis, Philadelphia, Philadelphia, dead; Fred Gieseck, Brooklyn, still live. Among the injured are Wm. E. Eastwick of Liverpool, Va.; Alfred, Philadelphia, mortally maimed; Frank, Mayfield, Bayard, Jersey City, Hightstown, N.J.; W. H. French, New York; J. A. Fife, Philadelphia; W. H. Miller, Lancaster, Pa.; John H. Woodley, Philadelphia. At 620 nine were dead and three or four were dying.

## AT BIRMINGHAM.

The People Vote with Enthusiasm—Great Interest.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., June 24.—Birmingham is wild with enthusiasm, incense being used the reception of Hon. A. B. Stevenson, Vice-Presidential candidate on the Democratic ticket. The people are rejoicing throughout the city. Are gaily decorated, and when the train arrived this evening a great throng was on hand to greet Stevenson. He was received with great enthusiasm, entered a carriage which took a place in the great parade composed of working men, militia corps, city, causal companies, etc. The people crowded around the train, and when he arrived at the station, the crowd was so great that he could not get off. He never made a mistake in the conduct of the crowd, and never left the platform without a smile.

The following is a list of the dead and injured:

A wonderful change came over Dick as this issue of his master. While sick and lame, he was in a way, with unusual cheerfulness, happy.

Without a moment's hesitation, he led his master straight to the spot where Dick stood, and then began barking vociferously, as much as to say, "There you see him! I can't start here."

The dog caught his master by the arm of his coat, and led him to the door, where he was going toward the pasture across. A half hour later he returned without the missing boy.

A voice outside, "Dick! Dick!" his master called.

The dog barked despondently. He leaped high in the air, and streaked his tail as if to attack.

"Go bid him come in," commanded the master.

The dog turned and ran for a few steps in the direction of the pasture, and then trotted slowly back and lay down beside his master, as if to say, "I am no good, but I can't get that now."

At his master's repeated command, he again ran off for a few steps, and turned again before this time whining and barking.

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